

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature"

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Life's Mirror

There are loyal hearts, there are spirits brave.
There are souls that are sure and true,
Then give to the world the best you have
And the best will come back to you.

Give love, and love to your heart will flow,
A strength in your utmost need;
Have faith, and a score of hearts will show
Their faith in your word and deed.

For life is the mirror of king and slave,
'Tis just what you are and do;
Then give to the world the best you have
And the best will come back to you.
—Madeline S. Bridges.

A Coast on the Grand Pacific

By Willis Gibson

In those days railroading was new to the West; the Grand Pacific had been finished from the Mississippi River to the Pacific Coast scarcely a year. Throughout the new country all things were young and restless, it was a time of fortune hunting, of wild schemes and long chances, of laws that were laughed at, of reckless, iron-hearted pioneers, some honest, some dishonest.

Even the Grand Pacific with its almost 2000 miles of road was a weakling as yet unborn. It was backed by the capital of men across the Atlantic, who did not appreciate the difference between a railway in level England and a railway through the Rockies; the engineers who planned it had to work craftily and cheaply. No tunnels, no retaining walls of granite, no bridges of steel did they build; only a simple track past state after state, up mountain, down mountain, with grades as sheer as the slopes and a score of blind curves to every mile. They pinned their right of way to any niche or crevice that offered a hold.

Railroading itself was rude. Hurricanes, swollen rivers, landslides and snowslides, all beset track and train. And then there were "road agents"—bands of desperadoes, fugitives from Eastern justice, most of them, who dwelt in the wilderness north and south of the railway and impudently pillaged mails and expresses. So rough was the railroading that the personnel was made up almost wholly of hardy, stern-willed men seasoned by years of service on the mountain lines of Pennsylvania and the Virginias.

But the pay was good, much better than a man could get anywhere east of the Mississippi. That was why young Fred Goodrich, known all along the division as "Tenderfoot," had left the Western Union office at Indianapolis and come out to take the station at Forest Junction. It meant more money for his sister and younger brother-back in Indiana.

Forest Junction stood in a mountain state in a clearing among the pines nearly at the top of the west face of Battle Mountain. It was in the heart of the Rockies and was perhaps the loneliest spot between St. Paul and Portland. The only signs of life were the little station itself and the shanty where the section gang, a boss and three helpers, lived with their tools and hand cars.

Yet the junction was important, for there the Fort Sherman Branch, which ran fifty miles south along the Bald Top Range to Fort Sherman, a military post and growing town, joined the main line. What with the east-bound Overland at 11:30 A.M., the branch mixed train that came at 11:00 A.M. and left at 12:00 A.M., the west-bound Overland at 5:30 P.M., the through freights that met there at midnight and the transferring of passengers and freight between branch and main line, Fred usually had his hands full.

The Grand Pacific ran its own express service. Thus he often had with him in the station between trains—all the way from six to eighteen hours—the little portable express safes holding valuable packages of money. The money in most cases was going from the bank at Fort Sherman to his branch at Cannon Valley on the main line. At first after listening to stories of hold-ups, attempted or successful, that the crew of every train brought in, Fred had been alarmed about the safes, but gradually the feeling had worn off, and he had almost decided that the men told the tales merely to worry him.

He had been at the junction six months when he found out the truth of the matter and incidentally lost his nickname.

It was a warm Saturday afternoon in June. The waiting room was free of passengers, the platform was bare of trunks, the sidings were clear of cars, and the section gang were away digging a ditch six miles east. After a week of busy days, Fred sat resting by his office window with his feet on the sill. An express safe tagged for Cannon Valley, that stood beneath the table, was his only care until the coming of the Overland at half past five o'clock.

Outside the sun was beating down from a cloudless sky; from the gravel ballast between the rails themselves, the heat rose in quivering, dancing waves. But the air was crisp and sweet to the lungs, and the view wonderful. Eastward up Battle Mountain Fred could get glimpses between the pines of the winding railway and the stubby telegraph poles and the narrow pioneer trail at the north side of the right of way. Perched square on the crown of the mountain was Crest station, ten miles up the grade. Westward he could look down the slope past the clearings in which were hidden the stations of Twin Pines and Pinnacle, to the tall brick chimney of the repair shop at Cannon Valley, headquarters of the division, which lay at the very base of the mountain, fully thirty miles distant. Through his back windows he could follow for a way the upward course of the branch along Bald Top.

As he idly gazed up Battle Mountain Fred suddenly noticed a black object clinging near the top of a telegraph pole perhaps two miles away. Curious, he took from a drawer a field glass that he had brought with him from home and put it to his eyes. Much to his astonishment he discovered that the object on the pole was a man, who was sitting with one leg hooked over the crosspiece while he worked busily at the wires. At the base of the pole sat two more men whom Fred had not been able to see with the naked eye.

At first he thought the trio were a party of telegraph linemen, but in a moment he remembered that the linemen were sent out only from Cannon Valley, and none had passed that day. While he stood and wondered the man on the crosspiece descended and in company with his two mates vanished into the timber.

As Fred lowered his glass he became aware of a stillness in the office; the long message that had been coming through from St. Paul had ceased. He grasped the key to call Crest, the first station east, but it rattled dead and dull in his fingers. Then he guessed; the wire had been cut.

Hastily he plugged the station into the western circuit and called Twin Pines. But even as he pounded out the call the sparks withered from the contact point of the key, and the relay relaxed. Another man—or another party—had cut the western wire.

For the first time Fred thought of the express safe under his table. Doubtfully he tested the Fort Sherman wire. To his wonder he found it still in order, but on second thought he saw the uselessness of the robbers tampering with that line. Fort Sherman, the one station on the branch, was forty miles away. Even if there were an engineer there then, the most daring engineer living could not bring help over the crazy track along Bald Top in less than two hours.

With anxious fingers he asked Fort Sherman: "Is there money in Cannon Valley express safe? Afraid I am in a hold-up."

Promptly, Fort Sherman answered: "Yes. Ten thousand in gold for Bank of Cannon Valley."

Fred opened the key quickly to shut off further talk; he wanted every minute for hard thinking. The message from Fort Sherman made the message explicable enough. A party of armed bandits—at least three from the east and probably a like number from the west—would descend leisurely upon the station, having, by cutting the wire, secured themselves from interruption. They would plunder the safe and then leisurely depart, leaving the agent bound hand and foot to be discovered and released by the crew of the Overland some three hours later.

Rapidly Fred hatched a dozen plans to spoil their sport. All were hopeless except one. He might perhaps have time to hide the safe somewhere outside and escape into the brush. At any rate he would try; he could think of nothing better. True, he had a loaded revolver in the drawer, but he knew little of shooting, and of what use was a revolver against rifles?

Pocketing the weapon, he dragged the heavy iron safe a few inches at a time from the office to the waiting room and from the waiting room to the platform. He looked anxiously to the west. The trail that way ran straight for two miles; no one had yet entered it. "Thankfully he turned to the east and saw half a mile up the trail three horsemen, bronze, bearded, armed men, the same whom he had watched through glass. His plan had come to him too late.

But as the cornered agent stared at the approaching horsemen his despairing gaze, sweepin the east end of his little yard, suddenly fell upon the four-wheeled push car of the section gang, which ordinarily was used to move ties, tools and the like, standing close beside the rails in front of the section shanty not a rod up the track.

In a flash Fred saw a way out of the trouble. Could he ride down Battle Mountain on the push car with the express safe? As the idea shot through his mind he could not repress a shiver. Many times he had made the trip between the junction and the valley in the cab of the locomotive driven by Big Jim Connors. He knew how trains come up that grade; with two mountain-climbing engines linked ahead and the firemen working like slaves to keep the steam up. He knew how trains went down: with brakes tight set, and every foot of the rails sanded. He knew that the track dropped, curved and twisted, down a slope that was steeper with each mile as far as Cannon Valley, where it began to climb the Cathedrals, the next range to the west. He remembered that in the spring twenty cars of steers, severed from their engine, had slid down the grade from Crest and, jumping Horseshoe Curve twenty miles below the junction, had plunged into Eagle Canon. He remembered too that folk seldom blamed a station man for surrendering at the point of a rifle. All those things passed through his mind in the minute he spent in speeding over the gravel toward the push car.

He reached the car, undiscovered, and strove to move it to the track, but owing to the sand in which its wheels had sunk, the small, squat vehicle was an awkward thing to move. Minute after minute he wrestled with it in plain sight of the bandits, constantly expecting a shot. In the struggle his revolver dropped from his pocket into the sand, but he did not take time to pick it up. Not until he had set the wheels square on the rails and had begun to push the car over the rod of level track to the station did the horsemen notice him. Then he heard a shout and, turning, saw them charging hotly from the trail down to the right of way. One of the horses stumbled among the rocks and fell heavily, but the two others gained the track and came clattering after Fred as he desperately but slowly trundled his car toward the station. The leading rider fired three times, but his aim from the back of the galloping horse was wild. Fred stopped at the platform, unhurt. With a might strain that left his back and arms lame for days afterwards, he leaped the express safe aboard. Then as the pursuing horses seemed almost on top of him he seized the rear of the car with both hands and, digging his feet into the ballast, set it moving once more.

The bandits held their fire; no doubt they were sure they could capture him. But they had not reckoned with the grade. As Fred urged his car over the ridge to the beginning of the incline twenty yards west of the station, he felt almost instantly the fierce pull of gravity. With a final shove he threw himself upon the platform and nestled close beside the safe. His thirty-mile coast had begun.

For a few moments the clatter of the following hoofs grew neither louder or fainter; he was holding his own. Another moment and the clatter began to die away; he was gaining!

Then the bandits, seeing the agent and the booty slipping from them, began shooting. One bullet rang loud against the safe; a second clipped a splinter from the car. Those were the only close shots; by the time the men had reloaded the car was too far down the track for accurate aim. Fred paid the bandits behind him small heed. It was the fearful grade, the dizzy curves ahead that bothered him. And then there was the second party, the men who had cut the wire to the west and whom he must soon meet face to face.

When on rounding a bend he came upon them—three mounted men bearing rifles, jogging lazily up the trail to join in sacking the junction station—the car had passed two mile posts and was already rolling faster than the Overland ever ran the grade. For a moment Fred thought he was to flash by them, unseen, but one quick-eyed fellow spied the car and its burden. Instead of raising their rifles, however, the men spun their horses about and spurred back down the trail.

The move puzzled Fred; it was a minute or more before he understood. A mile ahead the railway began a wide ten-mile circle to the south to avoid a ridge of treacherous shale. The trail, which cared not whether its path lay over rotten or solid rock, covered the shale ridge in less than three miles and then crossed the railway at the end of its detour. The crossing was what the riders were steering for; there they would seek to derail him. It was to be a ride then, with the danger of the grade on one side and the danger of the wreckers on the other.

As Fred swung into the great circle and caught distant glimpses through the trees of the road agents lashing their horses along, his heart sank, for the men were getting over the ridge very fast. But soon he noticed with a thrill that the car was swiftly increasing its pace. The rush of the wind was becoming hard to face, and the car was beginning to roll heavily from side to side.

The track dipped more and more. Half round the circle the car darted out of Rock Cut into a slope steeper than any it had traversed and shot ahead as if a brake had been released. The wheels began to hammer sharply at the rail joints and to bound from the rough spots in the grade. The bearings, fast losing their hold, buzzed and sang. The clamor of the race filled the woods and flew echoing through the canons.

By Sandy Creek, over the Long Fill, round Cinnamon Bend the car whizzed, reeling down upon the trail crossing. Fred was still half a mile above the crossing when the three riders, bunched, galloped out of the timber and reined up beside the track. One of the men started to unbuckle his saddle, intending evidently to use it for an obstruction, but he had only seconds in which to do it. Another man wedged his rifle across the rails. The car rushed into the steel barrel and swept on. Fred hardly felt the jolt. The two who yet held guns raised them to fire. But before they could aim the car was out of sight.

There could be no stopping, no jumping, for Fred now; he must stick to his car, whether it carried him down to Cannon Valley or over Horseshoe Curve into Eagle Canon. He had covered thirteen miles of the slope; seventeen were still before him. He passed Twin Pines—merely a rush of white blotches that he knew for the station and the scattered buildings of the town. Four more mile posts, and then came the dreaded Horseshoe Curve.

With a slew and a wrench the car took it stubbornly. The inside wheels lifted from three to four inches from the rail. For a time the car hung between track and canon. Then it settled slowly back and lurched into the last ten miles of the grade.

From that point on Fred had all the sensations of a man falling. His head swam, and his stomach felt queer. The wind whipped into his nostrils so smartly that only by sinking his head behind the safe could he draw breath. The swirl of dust and cinders that rose from the ballast forced him to keep his eyes tight shut. The hum of the wheels had turned now to a steady scream. And with every foot the car pitched, and

rolled more violently. Though Fred's hands were locked in a crevice between two boards of the floor, he needed all his muscle to hang fast.

A sudden crash beneath told the lad that he had passed the switches of Pinnacle. A wrench to the right and a shriek from the flanges told him that he had crossed the trestle over the Cannon River. He had left the slope at last and entered the mile level stretch east of Cannon Valley.

He opened his eyes, but the wind and the flying gravel forced him to close them instantly. The hum of the axles was lowering, however, and the force of the wind lessening. The car rattled over many switches, struck a rise in the grade and at last came to a stop.

Fred rose, gasping and coughing, from beside the safe, and blinked the cinders from his eyes. He was at the west end of the Cannon Valley yard. Hurrying up the track toward him he saw Sims, the agent, Crawford, the assistant train dispatcher, Bingham, the superintendent of the division, and behind them a score of station and roundhouse men. They had all been on the lookout since Crawford, after receiving a warning wire from Pinnacle, had discovered Fred and his car ten miles up Battle Mountain, a black speck in the middle of a cloud of dust.

"What you trying to do, Tenderfoot?" demanded three or four of the station men, as the crowd pressed round the car.

"Trying to dodge road agents," answered Fred.

Then he told his story. But, confused and fagged as he was, he did not make things plain to all of them, and the sentiment of his hearers was divided. Some said he should have stood by the station with his revolver. Some, led by Sims, who was a good deal of a blusterer, jeeringly insisted that he had lost his nerve and taken to the push car simply to get away from the danger.

But there was one who understood. In the midst of the discussion Bingham, the superintendent, spoke sharply.

"Men," said he, "I call this thing that Goodrich has just done fine rail-roading! I went part way down that grade in a runaway caboose when the line was building. I know what that ride means! You would do well to think up a new name for this boy."

Before Bingham came out to oversee the roughest division of the Grand Pacific he had been one of the best-known managers in the East. He seldom praised a man; but when he did his words carried weight. From that day Fred Goodrich was spoken of all through the division as one of the veterans.

Minneapolis-St. Paul

After thirty-three years, I have been having the satisfaction of seeing and talking with Dr. Robert Patterson. He is visiting his son, Dr. Donald, at the cottage at Mound, by Lake Minnetonka. I used to look down on Donald in Ohio—and now he is one of the fifty scientists in this country acclaimed as outstanding. Donald gets his mental equipment from brilliant parentage on both sides, and the stimulus of the home atmosphere kept him going. Dr. Patterson is 84, has an added leg—a cane—but his mind is still active.

I had a pleasant call one Sunday at the cottage, and the visit was kindly returned. I was the gainer, as I gave nothing and received everything.

July 30th Dr. Patterson attended the Frat picnic at Minnehaha Falls. He found a former pupil, Mrs. Fannie Kells Walter, and other acquaintances. One, Euck Engh, met him at the world convention of the deaf at the Paris world fair in 1900. Engh is a product of the Fru Roseng Private School for the Deaf, Oslo, Norway, and came to this country much later.

The Frat picnic did not suffer from the heat or non-appearance of prosperity. Misses Eva King, Mesdames Kaspink, Oscar Johnson, and William Kug, Messrs. Schmitz, Spence, Roth and Thompson, were along.

The Faribault Frats held a picnic at French Lake, August 13th.

Mrs. Grau and Miss Mycine autoted

to the Black Hills. Just call there—at their house—and they will talk you into going too.

Fred O'Donnell, of Shenandoah, Ia., was here to attend the funeral of his mother.

After six weeks of Kalamazoo, Daniel Fuller is back in Minneapolis. Mr. and Mrs. Feldu are a family now. The new member is a girl. The father keeps on smiling more than ever, for he has his old job back.

Emil Johnson could not stay long out of marriage. The bride is Bertha Albrecht, of Redfield, S. Dak.

Hans Leonhardt landed a job with a big regulator plant.

Know golf? I don't. But my oldest brother made a hole-in-one.

Stanley Roth goes to Gallaudet College to take the Normal course.

Mamie Kemp is smiling, for she has a job as a maid.

The Minneapolis Journal's columnist, D. A. W., in "Off a Reporter's Cuff," got this out:

"Meanest man: There is, in South Minneapolis a deaf-mute married couple. They fight incessantly. But the husband has figured out a really dirty trick. Every night just as their daily fight reached its climax, the husband flashes out an expletive on his fingers—and then turns out the lights so his wife can't get in the last word!"

This story is as old as the triangle started by Eve, Lilith and Adam.

THEO C. MUELLER.

220 W. 27 Street

Minneapolis, Minn.

SEATTLE

Mr. James Bradshaw, of New York City, the brother of our Thomas, was a visitor in Seattle for a week. He was accompanied by his wife, and they motored across the continent. The two brothers had not met for thirty years, and the week was all too short for them. While the visitors were here a trip was made to Mt. Rainier, another to Lake Wilderness and as much more of the Northwest country as possible was seen.

Mr. James Bradshaw was greatly impressed by our really magnificent out-of-doors. He is a retired printer, and as he has the leisure, we hope he will come again and make a longer stay.

Two other visitors the Bradshaws had were Mr. W. Lacy Waters and his hearing brother, Mr. Teddy Waters, who came from near Santa Barbara, Cal. Mr. Waters is a graduate of old Hartford, and entered Gallaudet in the seventies, leaving at the end of his sophomore year. He later married a lady of distinguished family, the Trumbulls of Connecticut. With her he had an ideal married life, and he has cherished her memory since her passing in 1904. He and his brother Teddy now live together about five miles from Santa Barbara, being the only ones not millionaires in a millionaire colony. They were in Seattle two weeks, and besides seeing a good deal of the deaf they did considerable sight-seeing.

Mrs. F. C. Holloway left for Council Bluffs on July 20th, terminating her visit sooner than was intended, on account of business. From Council Bluffs she will go to Clinton to visit her married son, and later to Chicago. She may return to Seattle next year. She went up to Mt. Rainier while here, and on July 17th attended a big Iowa picnic at Woodland Park. Her presence at our gatherings was greatly enjoyed.

Mrs. Jack Bertram is still in Portland, where she went to see her sick father, and it is uncertain just when she will return. Her son, John, saw her in Portland when he was there on his vacation recently. He travelled down on his motorcycle.

Mrs. Joe Kirschbaum was away for two weeks, at Portland, visiting a niece, and just got back in time for the guild picnic last Sunday.

We were favored with an announcement of the marriage of Miss Lillian Esther Berglund to Mr. Harry Oelschlager, at Alexandria, Minn., on July 8th. A few days ago we went out to the chicken ranch, thinking that Harry might have returned with his bride. We found that he was not expected for a few days yet, but were pleased and surprised to find Robert Oelschlager there with his bride. He also had just been married and was on his honeymoon, and the newly-

weds were keeping George company till Harry's return.

We had the pleasure, on July 20th, of being hosts at dinner to Mr. and Mrs. Bradshaw and their guests, Mr. W. Lacy and Mr. Ted Waters. They were also at the guild picnic on Sunday, and spent an evening at cards with us.

Alice and Homer Jones recently went down on the avenue and rented bicycles and rode them around the university district. They looked like a pair of happy kids. Homer's bike was several sizes too small for his long legs, and his in-laws, here joshed him about it.

The Guild social for July was a picnic on the 23d at Woodland Park, attended by over twenty. It was one of a long succession of golden summer days, and the park was decked out with many flowers. As it was Sunday, no games were arranged, but all present visited together, and there were a number of outside friends, there was no dearth of interest. The picnic supper at 5 P.M. was spread on a long table and partaken of by all together. Mr. L. O. Christenson appeared with a big watermelon, which was so exactly dissected by Teddy Waters that everyone had a fair-sized slice.

Harold Fiedel came to the picnic with Cecil Meaken, as the latter's guest.

Harold Wilson and Clementina Skansie were two other visitors that we were glad to see. Mr. Wilson is proficient in signs, and attends many deaf gatherings.

Mr. Hiram Hopping showed up at the picnic just after supper and was there till all departed for home. He is back at his old job with a furniture company in Tacoma.

The brother of Miss Doris Nation, Major Arthur Nation, has been in California for over two months on business connected with the government hangar, which he designed at Sunnydale. His wife and little son recently joined him and will stay and return with him.

The Waughns have a fine crop of raspberries this season, and Mr. Waugh has been kept busy picking them. He has made daily sales, and the garden has been a great help towards making a livelihood.

Oscar Sanders is spending the summer with his father near Snohomish. Mr. Sanders, Sr., has been in poor health for years, and has been worse lately.

It is difficult to get M. L. O. Christenson for a week-end party these days, as he has had some cousins from California visiting in the city, and his sister invariably arranges week-end family gatherings.

Arvid Rudnick has a job at some place near Bremerton, cutting alderwood into cord lots. We understand that Roy Bradbury and Morris Pederson are doing the same kind of work on a timber tract near Maple Valley.

Miss Genevieve Sink is now in a sanitarium in a millionaire colony, where an operation was performed on her for the removal of a small tumor. The appendix was also removed. When Miss Sink left here she expected to undergo this operation, and we are glad to hear that all went satisfactorily. She will stay in California to regain her strength until the end of August, when she hopes and expects to carry out her plans of visiting Chicago, New York and Boston.

Mr. Tom Bradshaw left yesterday on the steamer Mohawk for Orcus Island, where he will spend three weeks doing repairs and alterations to a house. He has an offer to stay in charge there all next winter, but is unlikely to accept, and we expect to see him back in three weeks. While he is away Mrs. Bradshaw will remain at their home on East 86th Street.

THE HANSONS.
July 30, 1933.

Accuracy! Accuracy!

Some people never miss an opportunity for contradiction. The fact suggest to the Edinburgh Scotsman the story of the woman who was traveling through North Wales.

"My, aren't those mountains high!" exclaimed an admiring fellow passenger.

"The contradictory one looked out of the window and sniffed."

"Only the tops of them are," she protested.

Deaf-Mutes' Journal

NEW YORK, AUGUST 10, 1933

EDWIN A. HODGSON, Editor
WILLIAM A. RENNER, Assistant Editor

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published by New York School for the Deaf, at 163d Street and Riverside Drive) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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All contributions must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondents are alone responsible for views and opinions expressed in their communications.

Contributions, subscriptions and business letters, to be sent to the

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL
Station M, New York City.

'He's true to God who's true to man: Whenever wrong is done To the humblest and the weakest 'Neath the all-beholding sun, That wrong is also done to us, And they are slaves most base, Whose love of right is for themselves, And not for all the race.'

Specimen copies sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

Eugenics

In last week's paper, we had a brief reference to the renewed theories on eugenics—which means well-born. It has been claimed that defects in the physical and mental being have a tendency to be repeated in the offspring. This claim in certain cases has been proven correct. But in most cases it seems to be not only doubtful, but entirely wrong.

To catalogue the defects that humanity inherits, would be impossible. Therefore it seems reasonable for a newspaper for the deaf to confine its comment to the defect of deafness.

There are many degrees of deafness. One is the "deafness" of people who can hear but simulate deafness when awkward situations seem to make it advisable—or profitable, such as the stingy old man who could not hear a request for monetary assistance, but whose sense of hearing was so keen that an acquaintance averred that the old miser "could hear a dime rattle in a bag of feathers."

It has been proposed that the privilege of deaf persons to intermarry should be prevented by law, or failing to so legalize it, that surgical operations which would render them incapable of producing offspring might be made compulsory. There are several forms of deafness, both total and partial. Children who are said to have been born deaf, very often became deaf in infancy from a variety of causes, principally neglect and ensuing colds. Also malnutrition. They may not all of them be totally deaf, but only hard of hearing. This would seem to class them with the hearing people, because it required only a louder tone of voice to enable them to hear words and sentences; just as the near-sighted or far-sighted require the adjustment of lenses to see things perfectly well, the hard-of-hearing get along with the aid of one or another kind of hearing tube or audiphone.

Then there are others of the deaf whose sense of hearing was destroyed by fever, or concussion of the brain, who possess health, strength, keenness of intellect, and every virtue of mind and body that tends to result in equality (and often superiority) of citizenship with the average of those whose progress in life had never been impeded by a handicap.

The schools for the deaf, located in almost all the States of the Union, have done a wonderful work in mitigating the calamity of deafness. Children who were sent to these schools by devoted but skeptical parents, have had these children returned to them, after the term of schooling had been completed, in all the brightness of educated youth, skilled and capable, healthy and happy, to be the

joy and comfort of their homes and the pride of family and friends.

These deaf children, whom sciolists would destroy, are destined to be good citizens and good home-makers. Eventually they will marry and their progeny will not have either physical or mental defects. On the contrary, the brightest and best graduates of the Public Schools very often have deaf parents. Eugenics is a science to be commended, but there is danger of too much theory that will be harmful rather than helpful to the body politic.

Osaka School, Japan

A TRANSLATION, from the Japanese paper for the deaf, tells that a two-story club house is to be erected, at a cost of 25,000 yen. This was planned by Prof. Kiyoshi Takahashi, and has unanimously been approved by the parents of present and former pupils of the Osaka City School. Besides a room for ping-pong, billiards, etc., there will be a doctor's room for simple treatment and sanitary advice. It will also include a research and investigation room.

A Correction

August 1, 1933

EDITOR OF THE JOURNAL:

My copy of the July 27th issue of your paper came yesterday, and I was much surprised to read therein that I had resigned as teacher and principal at the Iowa School for the Deaf on account of ill health.

I have not and have no intention of doing so. I am rapidly gaining strength—have been at my daughter's here recuperating. The doctor says I am in better shape than before and if nothing happens, I expect to be on the job in September when school opens.

Please make the correction.

Very truly yours,

J. SCHUYLER LONG.

4310 Franklin St.
Omaha, Neb.

Tacoma, Wash.

Mr. and Mrs. D. Bowlen are proud parents of a healthy baby girl, born on June 25th. The baby scaled eight pounds, and is named Elsie Ellen Bowlen. Congratulations.

Point Defiance Park was the scene of a kitchen shower, the first of its kind ever held here, in honor of the newlyweds, Mr. and Mrs. Neils Boesen. The newlyweds were "showered" with kitchen utensils—more than they can use. The occasion was sponsored by the local deaf and was attended by thirty-three persons, including a few outsiders.

Among the visitors at the Century of Progress Exposition at Chicago is Alfred Goetz. He is a second deaf visitor from Tacoma, the first one being Arvid Rudnick.

Because of being a victim of an auto accident, in which he was a passenger, Stanley Stebbins bought a sedan and drives himself, assuring the safety of his life.

Laura Hale, a hearing daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hale, returned home much earlier than expected, after three weeks in Walla Walla, where she visited her folks.

This is Fleet Week in Tacoma, starting July 27th. More ships are coming the latter part of the week. The fleet is worth visiting, especially for those who have never seen a battleship.

Mr. and Mrs. Sheffer and Miss McCarthy are the guests of the Rowlands on Spanaway Ranch. They made the trip from Los Angeles, their home town, in a Buick. As a side trip for sightseeing, they all motored to Vancouver, B. C. Mrs. Sheffer and Mrs. Rowland were schoolmates at the Kansas School for the Deaf in days gone by.

Mr. Bradbury and his wife, and Mr. Pederson motored down to Tacoma from Seattle. On the way here they picked up Miss Pauline Kemel at Puyallup and came to the kitchen shower.

RUSSELL WAINSCOTT.

Announcement

The Executive Committee of the Alumni Association of the Illinois School for the Deaf announces the postponement of the reunion (which was to be held August 31st to September 3d, 1933) to some time in June, 1934.

This decision has been made on account of the Century of Progress Exposition in Chicago, and the possible early recall to labor of many of the deaf. It is hoped that, by this, a larger attendance will be made possible in June.

A. J. RODENBERGER,

President.

Mrs. F. P. FAWKNER,

Secretary.

Canadian News

News items for this column, and subscriptions, may be sent to Herbert W. Roberts, 278 Armadale Ave., Toronto, Ont.

TORONTO TIDINGS

Mr. George W. Reeves now sports a new four-door Ford car. Some class.

Rev. Georg Almo arrived in this city on his very birthday, July 13th. Messrs. James and Ralph Shilton, sons of Mr. and Mrs. John T. Shilton, left on July 31st, to spend a fortnight under canvas at the Scout Camp for Boys near Nobleton.

Congratulations to Dr. and Mrs. Smith upon the advent, on July 20th, of another little son, whom they call Kenneth McGregor Smith. The mother was formerly Helen Fraser, youngest daughter of the late Mr. Philip Fraser.

Mr. Charles A. Elliott left on July 22d for St. Williams, where he may remain for an indefinite stay. Watch out for some wild bear and snake stories.

Miss Margaret Shilton has returned home from a pleasant sojourn at the Girl Guides Camp out at Highland Creek, looking as brown as an acorn.

Miss Esther Paulson, one of the deaf teachers in the Saskatoon School for the Deaf, and who was a delegate to the convention of Instructors of the Deaf at Trenton, N. J., stopped over here on July 26th and 27th, to visit relatives, and incidentally called on the Shiltons, Rev. Georg Almo and others.

While her older sister, Doris and brother, Jack, were away holidaying in the country, little Mary Grooms had little Mary Ann Shilton over to her home for a few days as a playmate.

Mr. and Mrs. William Hacking and Miss Cylene Youngs, of Hamilton, were at our service here on July 23d, and enjoyed Rev. Georg Almo's sermon.

Our service on July 30th was again conducted by the Rev. Georg Almo, who spoke very earnestly on the Divine Power of God in all matters. Owing to the scorching heat, the attendance was very small.

WOODSTOCK WHISPERS

Mrs. Margaret Nahrang, after an enjoyable visit here, spent the weekend of July 22d, with Mr. and Mrs. Newton Black and other friends in Kitchener, before returning to her home.

While out at her sister's place on the farm near Innerker recently, Miss Jennie Broom contracted an attack of ivy poison while berry picking. This accounts for her absence from the Roberts meeting here on July 16th, but we are glad she is now about normal once more.

Miss Broom attended the Broom family reunion at a place seven miles adjacent to Weston from July 24th to 26th, and had a very enjoyable time, meeting many branches of her family ties after many years absence.

Our popular townsman, always here and there, is still steadily employed at the Daily Sentinel Review office, but working on the six-hour per day basis.

Mrs. Ben Cone with her hearing sister and a friend motored out to Port Burwell to escape the oppressive heat on July 23d, and had a delightful time and ride, but their other deaf sister, Iva Hughes, could not accompany them, owing to a slight indisposition.

Mr. and Mrs. William Riger and the latter's sister, Miss Julia Rice, of Fullarton, were calling on relatives in this city on July 27th, but none of the deaf here chanced to see them.

On July 23d, Mr. Robert McKenzie and his daughter-in-law, Mrs. McKenzie, Jr., of Harley, motored up here on July 23d, and picking up Mr. Chas. A. Ryan, continued on to Thorndale to visit their brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. James Buck, but found they had recently moved into London, to reside temporarily with their son on Langrath Street, near the John Fisher home, but will eventually move to Manor Park. However, the visitors enjoyed the afternoon with the rest of the family, who had a company of eleven.

On the way home the McKenzies and Ryan made calls at the homes of the McMurrays and Groves near Ingersoll. It was a long and most enjoyable trip.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Gould, Jr., of London, called on Miss Iva Hughes and Mr. and Mrs. Ben Cone, while on their way to Mrs. Gould's parental home near Drumbo, Sunday morning, July 23d.

We call the attention of all our deaf friends to bear in mind, that Mr. Frank E. Harris, of Toronto, will be here to address our service on August 20th, so we look for a good turnout.

COOKSTOWN CALLS

Mrs. Samuel Averall has returned home after a fortnight's sojourn in Barrie, assisting Mrs. Urson Johnson.

We regret to mention the passing away of Mrs. Leeson, aunt of Miss Betty Lawrence, with whom she made her home. The deceased was in her eightieth year, and was well versed in the sign-language, though not deaf herself.

Master Randall Clark, who lately returned from the Belleville school, is spending the summer with Mr. and Mrs. William Bell. Randall has no real parental home.

Mr. John T. Shilton, of Toronto, by special invitation, came up on July 23d, and conducted two very appreciative meetings morning and afternoon, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. William Bell. Both sermons were very deep and full of interest, and both meetings were well attended by the deaf all around this district.

MONTREAL MENTIONS

Mr. A. Stanley Walker and two sons are home again after a very pleasant vacation spent by the lake at Val David, Que., and Stanley is on his daily job at the head post-office.

We regret to say that Miss Winnie Dickson met with a very painful injury recently. She was on her way home from visiting Mr. and Mrs. Harry Armstrong just after dark, when she was struck and knocked down by a fast speeding cyclist on the sidewalk. Winnie was unable to see it coming in time to clear the way. She was confined to her bed for over a week with a bruised knee, a cut on her face and a sore arm, which caused her great pain, but at this writing, is up again and limping around.

The youngest brother of the late Mrs. A. Stanley Walker was married on July 25th, and though invited Mr. Walker was unable to get away and attend this happy event, but his two sons represented him at this wedding.

While holidaying at Val David lately, a rather serious accident cropped up that marred the pleasures of the holiday makers for a while. A young son of Mr. and Mrs. McKeown, Mr. Walker's friends, was sliding down a small tree, when a sharp protruding branch punctured his hip. As a result the eleven-year-old chap was rushed to Montreal, where the family doctor attended to his injuries. He is now progressing very favorably. While the McKeowns were away, Stanley Walker and boys were left alone at the cottage to enjoy as much as they could.

The Montreal Fraternal Association of the Deaf held a very pleasant outing to Longueuil Beach on Dominion Day, and a good-sized crowd turned out. On the same date the Montreal Deaf Brethren held a like outing at Windsor Beach, and all had a very fine time.

Mr. and Mrs. William Dickson have arrived home from their delightful trip to the old country looking fine and well pleased, but you may hear more of their ocean crossing jaunt later on. We hope Mr. Dickson will bring to time that reckless bicyclist, who ran into and severely hurt his winsome daughter, Winnie, just before he arrived home.

At this writing, Mr. A. Stanley Walker is learning or perhaps has acquired a thorough knowledge of the intricate problems that befalls to the lot of a thrifty housewife. Since breaking away from the ideal camp life and returning home, friend Stanley finds his good housekeeper is still away on her vacation, hence his enforced duty of managing his home affairs.

HORNING MILLS HUMOR

On July 22d, Mr. and Mrs. Thos. A. Middleton were surprised yet pleased to receive a call from their cousin, Miss Rose Middleton, who motored up from Toronto with two of her nephews.

After dinner the visitors, with Mr. and Mrs. Middleton and the former's aged mother, went for a long motor trip to Wasaga Beach, where they spent a delightful afternoon. Returning here for tea, the Toronto party left for home the same evening. All in all, they covered more than three hundred miles that day.

Miss Dulcie Armstrong, well-known to many deaf here, was lately rushed to the Orangeville Memorial Hospital to undergo an operation for appendicitis, and we are glad she is doing very nicely at her home here now. We are pleased to say that the mother of Mr. Thomas Middleton, who recently returned from the General Hospital after undergoing treatment by radium for a growth on her cheek, is greatly improved and feeling, though nearing her fourscore and ten summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Thos. A. Middleton lately sent by fast freight a carload of household goods to their daughter, Mrs. John Dunn, in Ottawa. 'Tis the love of such parents for their only child, who has now left the parental roof to be mistress of a home of her own.

NEW WESTMINSTER, B. C., NEWS

Mr. Robert Batho has come to Vancouver to work again from Saskatoon, Sask. His wife and children are still down at her old home in Eastwood, Ont.

It is not often that Miss H. F. Chapman, of this city, is able to get far away. Yet she was recently in Vancouver, visiting with Mr. and Mrs. Howarth, and had a very delightful time.

Mr. Hogarth comes from England, where he received his education at a school for the deaf, while his wife hails from Norway. She was taught at the school for the deaf at Oslo, in that country.

The writer does not get around much to see her deaf friends, though there are a handful in this city and neighborhood, hence the inability to record their doings.

ST. THOMAS SPLASHES

Miss Ada James has returned from her visit to Toronto and Queenstown Heights, where she attended the annual picnic of the Toronto deaf on July 22d.

On July 22d, Mr. and Mrs. George Bell motored down No. 3 Highway, to visit the latter's many relatives in Niagara Falls, Stamford, St. Catharines and other points, as well as taking in the annual outing of the Toronto Evangelical Church of the Deaf at Queenstown Heights, returning home the following evening, highly pleased with their trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Beckett went out to near Dresden on July 17th, with a trailer, and taking along Mr. Edward Paul, brought back the balance of their chattels the next day. While out that way they called on the Mackies and found them well and getting along nicely. On the way back, Mr. Paul sat on a precarious perch on the trailer to keep an eye on everything, a la brakeman.

Mr. and Mrs. George Bell and the Misses Ada James and Jean Lawrence motored down to Woodstock on July 16th, in the Bell car, to attend the service conducted by Mr. H. W. Roberts, of Toronto, but they went along a different route from that of the other carload. A new route is more interesting than the old one, which generally becomes monotonous.

On the same date another carload, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Sam. Beckett, Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Paul, their children and George R. Munroe, went down to Ingersoll, a beautiful town of about five thousand inhabitants, upon invitation, and had dinner at the home of Mrs. Paul's brother, Wallace Iles, and believe me, it was some feed. Incidentally it was the first dinner for three of us in Ingersoll, shortly afterwards, the car sped on to Woodstock to take in the Roberts meeting, leaving Mrs. Paul and children in Ingersoll, on request, to spend the time with relatives, whom she "ain't seen" for quite a while.

After the service the party had lunch at Southside Park in that beautiful city, and then proceeded to the C. N. R. Station for a confab, prior to Mr. and Mrs. Roberts' departure for Toronto. As luck would have it, the train happened to be late, so more time was available for conversation, and which was fully taken advantage of until the train finally rolled in. After saying adieu to our Toronto friends, the return trip was undertaken along the same route, and after picking up Mrs. Paul and children, who reported an enjoyable visit in Ingersoll, arrived back in St. Thomas in good shape, and without mishap.

What a jolly crowd there was on the station that Sunday evening, and naturally the outside speaker, Mr. Roberts, held the limelight. Anyone not acquainted with the sign-language, would think we were at the station to see off some celebrity.

Wasn't Charles Ryan pleased at the size of the large attendance, you bet he was, and he spent considerable time counting the free-will offering and at the same time, rubbing his eyes to make sure he was making right.

PORT ARTHUR PEONIES

Casually glancing over a copy of the JOURNAL has induced your correspondent to send in her subscription. The news it contains is very interesting.

The Misses Jennie Couse and Annie Dalgleish, of Sault Ste Marie, have been keeping on very well and are kept informed on the doings of their many friends through the JOURNAL.

Our good friend, Russell M. Broad, of Dunn's Valley, has been busy all season and hopes to keep on, in spite of the wide-spread depression. He reads the JOURNAL with great relish.

The deaf all over this district extend most heartfelt sympathy to Miss Ada Munro, of Slate River, upon the death of her beloved father, who departed from the vortex of this life on July 2d, in the seventy-third year of his life. The late James M. Munro was one of the early settlers of the Slate River Valley, and one of the first to introduce bee culture in the Thunder Bay District. He died in the Fort William Hospital after a month's illness. He was born at Embro, Oxford Co., Ont., and came to homestead in Slate River in 1899, where he soon established one of the largest apiaries in Northwestern Ontario. He leaves to mourn his loss a sorrowing widow, six sons and five daughters—namely, James Roy, Grain Inspector of Fort William; John B., Deputy Minister of Agriculture of Victoria, B. C.; J. Alex., State Entomologist, of Fargo, North Dakota; Donald, of Port Coquillam, B. C.; Dougald, of Detroit, Mich.; and Russell at home; Miss Annie C. Munro, a Baptist Missionary at Parlatkin, India; Mrs. W. J. Morris, of Port Arthur; Mrs. Clarence Boudas, of Fort William; Miss Ada Munro, of Fort William, Railroad No. 1; and Mrs. G. Cross, of Slate River. Eighteen grandchildren also survive. The funeral was very largely attended, and the remains were interred in the family plot in Mountain View Cemetery after the hymn, "Crossing the Bar," was sung by G. W. Collins, the Revs. T. J. Haire, J. T. Marshall and G. M. Edwards, jointly conducting the service.

WINDSOR WARBLINGS

In the evening of July 15th, a vacation party and farewell send-off, was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs.

Leon Charbonneau, in honor of their daughter, Theresa, prior to her leaving for a three weeks' sojourn with relatives and friends in Tecumseh. Over a dozen were on hand to make merry.

Being unable to find work in the Border Cities, Miss Lena Yack has gone down to Woodstock to sojourn at her brother's for a while.

Mr. Albert Berthiaume, of Detroit, left a short time ago to take in the great Century of Progress Fair at Chicago, and upon his return visited his sister, Mr. and Mrs. Leon Charbonneau, in East Windsor, to whom he related the wonders he beheld in the "Windy City."

Mrs. Leon Charbonneau and her children went down and paid a visit to Mr. A. Walker and his parents in Tecumseh lately, and found them all well.

Learning that Mrs. Daniel Petrimoult, mother of our own George Petrimoult, was in bed with an afflicted leg, the Charbonneaus went out to see her at Sandwich, and she was so pleased to see them. George is steadily working on the Detroit Evening News, and he is proud of his young daughter, who recently passed in her examinations—a clever little cherub.

KITCHENER KINDLINGS

There were ten pupils of this city who recently returned from the Belleville school, and one of them seems doubtful of returning in the fall, as her mother requires her help so much.

In addition to these, two came home from the Buffalo, N. Y., school. As a matter of fact, all were in cheerful spirits.

Two of those from Belleville, Wallace and Clarence, sons of Allan, and the late Mrs. Nahrang, are boarding at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas S. Williams. They were recently out in New Hamburg, visiting their hearing brother and sister for a week.

Mrs. Frank E. Harris has returned to her home in Toronto after a delightful visit of over a week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Golds, Sr., and old friends here. Her brother "Bobby" Golds was also up from the "Queen City" lately. He delights in coming up now and then, to see his parents, on his bicycle. We understand that he may return to school here in September.

The Rev. Georg Almo, of Toronto, was the speaker at our service here on August 6th, but perhaps report of his meeting may appear in the JOURNAL later.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaiah Nahrang and daughter, Ruth, of Speedville, motored out to see his sick sister, Mrs. E. Buer, on July 23d. Their brother, Mr. Allan Nahrang, of this city, accompanied them out to Haysville, and all were pleased to find Mrs. Buer up and around again, though still suffering from the effects of her long illness.

Mr. Norman L. Gleadow, of Hamilton, was scheduled to speak at our service here on July 16th, but finding he could not possibly get away, Mr. W. R. Watt, of Toronto, took his place and gave a very good sermon to a well-sized audience.

HAMILTON HAPPENINGS

The Hamilton Association of the Deaf held its annual picnic in Dundurn Park on July 15th. Despite the rather unpromising weather earlier in the day, there was a full turnout of members, and several carloads came from Toronto, London, Kitchener and other points. The party also included scholars from the O. S. D. of Belleville, and a good number of hearing friends. Altogether about one hundred were present. A good program of races was run off, these having been ably arranged by Norman Gleadow, chairman of the local association; Carl Harris, chairman of the literary and social club, and the members of the committee. The young ladies' race was won by Miss Carrie Buchan, of Toronto. The little girls' race had a Hamilton little girl as winner, Miss Mary Churchill, and the little boys, Master Dick Harris.

Miss Cylene Youngs, of Hamilton, proved to be the best pie plate thrower, and was much pleased with her prize.

Miss Erna Sole came first in the 25-yard clothespin race, and received a lovely towel with hand-made lace edging, the work of Mrs. A. Quick. The married ladies race was well contested for by several of the hearing friends as well as by the deaf, but the grand prize went to Mrs. James Tate, of Toronto, and very proud was she. She used to be a former Hamilton girl, and this was the first time she had attended our picnic, and expressed her great pleasure in carrying home the married ladies prize. An amusing feature of the races was not how fast you could walk, but how slow. That was the three-minute race and the one reaching or being nearest the goal in three minutes by walking slowly was acclaimed the winner. The prize for this was won by Mrs. Royal, the hearing sister of Mr. James Matthews. Following an hour or so of social intercourse they all had supper at the pavilion, and the prizes were then presented by Mr. Gleadow and Mrs. Angus Quick. After this the younger members proceeded to the ball park for a friendly game, which lasted till dusk. Many were the comments among visitors that it had been one of the most enjoyable outings of the season. Especially well pleased with everything was Miss Iva Hughes, of

Woodstock, for she held the lucky number for the prize which was drawn for by Mr. Fred W. Terrell, the Ontario Mission Convener of Toronto. The chairman and committee take this opportunity to thank all those who came from outside places and hope they will all come again next year, and we feel quite sure that at least one young lady from Woodstock, will be sure to accept this invitation.

Mr. Arthur McShane, of Kitchener, has been spending a couple of weeks' here and took in our picnic. He received a surprise when his mother, aunt and cousins, all motored down the day of the picnic and attended the happy outing with him and met many old friends, as Mrs. McShane formerly lived here.

We were all very much pleased to have with us at our picnic this year, Mr. and Mrs. William Hacking, of this city, and their pretty little daughter, Miss Patricia, their many friends were much pleased to meet them again, and both Mr. and Mrs. Hacking enjoyed making many new friends as well.

On a very recent Monday morning, before the sun was barely up, the two sons of Mr. and Mrs. Angus Quick, Milton and Angus, Jr., left home to hitch-hike their way to Windsor, then across the border, perhaps and over to Chicago to attend the World's Fair, if all went well with them. The latest word their parents have had so far, was also good.

Mr. Arthur H. Jafray, of Toronto, was the speaker here for the Ontario Mission service on July 9th. The meeting was held in the morning with a good turnout present. Mr. Jafray took as his text analyzing St. John 3:16, this well-known verse to every one. Instead of the usual Sunday suppers at home, it was arranged by Mr. and Mrs. Carl Harris, who were host and hostess, to Mr. Jafray during the day, to hold an outdoor tea with several others, taking part at Westdale Park. The weather for this was ideal, and the afternoon was spent in social intercourse and about sixteen sat down to tea and lingered on in this cool spot until close on to dusk. Westdale Park is a very pretty little place, shady and very private, but it is rather hard to find unless one is familiar with the locality.

Mr. Dennis Armes has just returned from a visit to friends in Toronto. This makes his fourth trip to Toronto and back on his wonderfully good bicycle.

PICNIC PLAUDITS

Here are a few comments heard from outsiders in regard to our picnic. Messrs. N. Gleadow, C. Harris and their committee, should be warmly applauded for the way everything came off.

Our annual picnic seems to be "catching the fever," judging by the increasing outsiders.

"What a fleet-footed racer is Carrie Buchan" commented many. She runs with the speed of a panther, yet with the grace of a gazelle.

Miss Iva Hughes, of Woodstock, was naturally the proudest individual on the spot when her name was mentioned as the winner of the premier prize—the lucky number.

The threatening morning weather could not dampen the ardor of those bent on going, and the large turnout verified this.

Though well pleased by the way it turned out and the big crowd present, those in charge have resolved to make the next one an even greater success. Strange it may seem, but true that this very picnic ground was the playground of the pupils who attended school at Dundurn Castle more than sixty years ago. There are very few relics left of the old school, yet many pupils of that day were among the throng this year, who would tell you many an interesting anecdote of their days of yesteryear.

And by the same token the old buildings and familiar landmarks still stand as mute evidence of their childhood shelter and admiration.

One pleasing feature of this picnic was the presence of many from various points, who were former residents of this city. In fact, it seemed like a miniature reunion.

GENERAL GLEANINGS

"Are you going to the London picnic on Labor Day?" is the question now asked of one another, and the answer in the majority is "I'm," or "I hope I can." If you go be sure and attend the service on the previous Sunday, September 3d, of which Rev. Georg Almo, of Toronto, will have charge.

Mrs. Leo Schwartz and her children are still pining for her husband and their father, of whose whereabouts just now they would like to know. He was in Florida last winter, then made for California, where his tracks were lost. Mrs. Schwartz is now living in Milwaukee, Wis., having moved from Detroit after her father's death a year ago.

HERBERT W. ROBERTS.

Protestant Episcopal Missions

Diocese of Washington and the States of Virginia and West Virginia.

Rev. H. Lorraine Tracy, General Missionary, 3821 South Dakota Avenue, N. E., Washington, D. C.

Washington, D. C.—St. Mark's Church, A and Third Streets, S. E. Services first and third Sundays, 3 p.m.

Services elsewhere by appointment.

NEW YORK

News items for this column should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York.

A few words of information in a letter or postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

At their spacious suburban home in Richmond Hill, L. I., on Friday, August 4th, amid a bower of beautiful flowers and palms, Gladys, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Rappolt, became the bride of Mr. Lyall Zickrick, of Schenectady, N. Y. The ceremony, which was private, was witnessed by about twenty-five relatives and intimate friends. A reception and wedding supper followed, served by a prominent caterer, after which the happy couple slipped away, boarding the Cunard liner "Beren-garia," sailing for Europe, for an extended honeymoon trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel B. Kline, of Cleveland, Ohio, are spending the summer with Mrs. Kline's folks in Newark, N. J. Before her marriage Mrs. Kline's maiden name was Miss Sarah Zanger, and she was one of the leaders in deaf circles in Newark. Her friends were glad to see her back again, even for a short time during the summer. Mr. Kline too is almost as well known in Jersey and New York as he is in his home town—Cleveland.

The New York Sun of Wednesday, August 2d reports the sad drowning of one of two deaf brothers in St. Paul, Minn. Frank Lunderman, aged 22, of Willernie, and his brother were swimming, when Frank was seized with cramps. The younger brother had to go to shore and write a note, and assistance arrived too late.

The Board of Governors of the Deaf-Mutes' Union League meets on the first Tuesday of each month. Their last meeting was on the first of August, one of the hottest days of the summer, and it was almost midnight before they had finished the business before them, which was more than usual. Times were when such meetings of the Board only took a few hours, but now with such a large membership, their labors also increase, for on them rests the responsibility of managing the organization.

The Manhattan Division, No. 87, N. E. S. D., meets on the first Wednesday of each month at the rooms of the Deaf-Mutes' Union League. Their last meeting was on the second of August, and the fraters sweltered some too, as it was a very hot evening.

Matty Blake, who managed the Bronx Frats' Picnic at the Loeffler's Park and Casino, on Saturday, July 29th, was the winner in the bowling contest. Edward Bonvillian won second prize. The bowling contest was to have been between the Bronx Frats and the Newark and Jersey City Frats, but as the members of the latter named Divisions of the Frats did not come, the contest was for the individual championship.

The beauty contest was the feature of the evening. The judges were Messrs. Irving Lindenbaum, of Los Angeles, Cal.; Mr. Jerry Fives, the president of the Ephpheta Society of the Deaf; Mr. Brandt, of Newark, N. J.; and Mrs. Riley, of Mt. Vernon, N. Y. The prize was a silver loving cup, and the winner was Miss Helen Gregory.

The judges were ably assisted by the members of the Arrangement Committee—Messrs. Matty Blake, Joseph Graham and Frank Rubano.

Charles Golden is back in town with a renewed sparkle in his eyes after a week of gazing on bucolic scenes around Saugerties, New York, where his family have been spending the summer. Henry Plapinger, whose folks have a cottage in the same locality, also returned but in different spirits. He went up for the week-end in a Greyhound bus, which broke down twice on the way, delaying him nearly three hours. Something was also wrong with the exhaust and the gas fumes aided his discomfort, so the beauties of Nature there were entirely lost on him, and it was too dark to see anything anyway.

For the rest of the summer Mr. Archie McL. Baxter will be found at Ocean Grove, N. J. He usually goes there the first day of July, but this year he had to remain in the city a month longer, as he was under treatment of his family physician. Ocean Grove is a very quiet place, and in August all the cottages there are usually filled. Mr. Baxter's hobby while at this seashore resort is fishing.

Amelia Cameron, who died October 6th, 1931, left a gross estate of \$654,935 and a net of \$579,354, according to transfer tax appraisal filed on August 1st, 1933. Charitable institutions receive \$72,252. The New York League of Hard-of-Hearing is bequeathed \$10,000.

Larry Volles, of Wisconsin, is now in the city, the guest of Maurice Cohn. Next week they will spend a week at Asbury Park. On the 31st of August Larry and Maurice will go to Chicago, Ill., for a month's stay. While there they expect to see much of the Century of Progress World Fair.

Michael Brown returned to New York on Saturday, August 5th, after three weeks in Chicago. He says that the World's Fair is indeed great, and one has to see for himself the Century of Progress that has been made.

The baseball bats and softball, which were left at Roton Point Park, were returned to the Deaf-Mutes' Union League last week, postpaid by the management of the park.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Ebin have named the new arrival to their family Betsy Joan Ebin.

Mr. Joseph Hodges, 70 years old, died at his home in Orange, N. J., on Wednesday, August 2d, and was buried on Saturday, the 5th.

Mrs. Joseph Worzel returned home from a month's vacation on Sunday, August 6th.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Frankenheim, with their baby-boy, left on Friday, August 4th, for a month's stay at Asbury Park, N. J.

Mrs. Marcus L. Kenner and Mrs. Joseph Peters are spending a month at Asbury Park, N. J. Their husbands will week-end there.

Samuel Lowenherz, on Thursday, August 3d, won a dozen golf balls. Query—Will he now outfit himself as a golfer and try to play the game?

William Rayner and Philip Glass motored to Peekskill Monday to spend a few days at Lake Oscawana, where Mr. Glass' brother has rented a bungalow.

Editor Hodgson is having a week of leisure down at Cape Cod, Mass., enjoying the cool, tangy breezes from the sea.

Buffalo, N. Y.

One evening recently Miss Ella Griever entertained the Hard-of-Hearing Sewing Club at her home on Cherry Street, by giving the members a lovely surprise in the shape of a garden party. The decorations in Miss Griever's lovely flower garden were lighted up with Chinese lanterns. About thirty guests were present. Games were played and a luncheon served on small tables. Miss Griever is a most gracious hostess and everyone had an enjoyable time.

We have just learned of the recent marriage of Mr. Edwin Lilley, of Eden, N. Y., and Mrs. Elizabeth Tollner, of Angola, N. Y.

The Kicuwa Club enjoyed a basket picnic at Delaware Park Rose Garden Sunday. There were about thirty-seven present. The day being nice, all enjoyed the occasion.

The friends of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Zink are rejoicing with them, because little Henry, Jr., is able to return home after being confined at the Goodyear Home for Children for nine months. He has spent most of the time in bed, but now he can be about a little.

Mr. Frank Messenger took Mr. and Mrs. Sol. Weil and Miss Agnes Palmgren to spend the week-end in Erie, Pa., recently. They were guests of Mr. Ovid Cohen.

Miss Rose Ode, better known to friends as "Rosie," daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Ode, is slowly recovering after a severe illness.

Mrs. Henry Menter, of East Aurora, has been the guest of Gladys Grover for several days.

Mrs. Herbert Grover, after spending the week-end with her sister-in-law, Gladys, has returned to her home in East Aurora.

Mrs. Lawrence Samulson, of Rochester, has been visiting friends in Buffalo. Several parties and gatherings have been held in her honor. Among those who have entertained her are Miss Agnes Palmgren and Mrs. Wilbur Johnson. Mrs. Samulson was Miss Bertha Cowdy, of Buffalo, before her marriage.

Mrs. Schwagler, the mother of Charlotte and Walter Schwagler, is slowly recovering after a nervous breakdown. Mrs. Schwagler is well known and liked among the deaf of Buffalo.

Miss Metha Kinn, of Angola, N. Y., and Mr. Chester Leary, of Rochester, N. Y., were united in marriage recently. Miss Kinn is a member of the Kicuwa Club and was at one time the president. Our good wishes go with her. Her bright presence will be missed by the members of the club.

Miss Catherine Lehman entertained a few friends at her home recently. Miss Lehman, after being laid off for several months, has been called back to work at the Pierce Arrow Company, where she has been employed for a number of years.

G. G.

Give a man a taste for reading and the means of gratifying it, and you place him in contact with the best society in every period of history, with the wisest, the wittiest, the tenderest, the bravest, and the purest characters who have adorned humanity.—Herschel.

Subscribe to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL—\$2.00 a year.

CHICAGO

Four Roaming Romeos of the Rolling Road barged into town on the 26th to "see the small county fair," as Andy Mack sacrilegiously styles it. They traveled in the benzine-burner of Jim Sullivan, a teacher in Hartford, and an entertainer de luxe. The other three were John O'Brien, class '32, a Iowan, now supervisor in the Kendall School; Andy Mack, '33, who has for years enlivened the columns of this JOURNAL with his spicy accounts of student frolics; and George Brown, '34, from Ohio—captain of the basketball team. The Romeos dropped in at the local JOURNAL office—to find the door opened by Miss May Koehn, of Kansas; Mack's own classmate to their unbounded amazement. The quartette engaged quarters while here at Miss Cora Jacoba's exclusive rooming house, remaining several days surveying the Fair and kindred amusements—including a trip out to the Indiana Dunes, where they were overnight guests of the Gus Hymans.

Coach Robey Burns, of Jacksonville, spent several days seeing the Fair, and trying to line up a game between his boys and the Wisconsin deaf during the Fair, as preliminary to one of the big university games in Soldiers' Field stadium. Result uncertain. He states the scheduled alumni reunion set for late this month may be postponed until next summer. Also that there is a hitch in staging the football game between I. S. D. and Schurz High of Chicago—as the Chicago Board of Education has just cut nine millions from the school budget, fired all coaches, and the status of interscholastic athletics is in doubt.

Mrs. J. Meagher gave a dinner party for the Guard S. Prices, of Oklahoma, on the 25th. Mrs. Price, when a baby, was often dandled on the knee of a farmer on a neighboring ranch. His name is now well known to everyone—Will Rogers, the humorist. Other guests scheduled for the dinner included the E. H. Davies, from the Edgewood (Western Pennsylvania) school, but they developed motor-trouble just after starting, and never showed up. The Meagher chariot buzzed off on the 28th, bearing as ballast Jim Flood, of the Ohio faculty, and Miss Koehn. Flood was booked as cargo for lighterage at the port of Kansas City; while the others were ticketed through to "Foltz' Fairland," Belles Plaine, Kansas.

Inzer Shubert has been under a doctor's care—sunburn and exhaustion. He was one of the group that nearly drowned on the Dunes, July 16th. Misses Irene Crafton and Virginia Dries were also ill several days as a result of their adventure. But the Gallaudetians who comprised the party seem to be hardy souls—little the worse for their brush with sudden death.

Their car was stolen! Misses Remsberg and Benson, of the Gallaudet faculty, had their car stolen while attending the Fair.

John Huff and family, hailing from Jacksonville, Ill., were spending one week at the home of Mr. and Mrs. B. Ryan, while visiting the World's Fair.

Rev. and Mrs. Hasenstab went to Lake Delavan, Wis., Tuesday, August 1st, to join his family for one month's vacation.

A baby-boy, weighing eight pounds, was born to Mr. and Mrs. C. House at Amarillo, Texas, last July, and is a great grandchild of Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Miener.

A number of the deaf people gathered at a free picnic, given by the M. E. Mission for the Deaf, at Lincoln Park, Saturday, July 29th.

Mrs. Churchill has gone to Cleveland, O., this week for an indefinite stay with her folks.

Rev. Rutherford, concluding one month's vacation, has resumed his preaching tour in the West.

The Lutheran deaf enjoyed a picnic at River Grove, Saturday, July 29th, with a fair attendance.

Oscar Treuke and wife, of Omaha, were visitors at the Fair.

THIRD FLAT.
3348 W. Harrison St.

Two Views

It rained all day, and Sarah Jane surveyed the dismal scene; her face against the window pane, she gazed and cried, "How mean! Here I'm condemned to stay inside and mope and break my heart, when I would like to take a ride in Willie's chug-chug cart! Oh, rain, you spoil this life of mine, you make me wail and sob! The sun should have to pay a fine for loafing on its job!" Said Gladys Mae Rebecca, "Hoots! This weather can't be beat! It's just the stuff for men and brutes, and also for the wheat. What more could any one desire than such a day as this, when one can sit before the fire and read in perfect bliss? The music of the blessed rain as on the roof it falls, should soothe away our every pain and heal our harness galls. I like the sunshine when it gleams on hill and bosky dell, but when the rain gets wet and streams I like that just as well." Then Gladys Mae Rebecca took the Uplift Magazine and in the cozy ingle-nook enjoyed the afternoon, while Sarah Jane with gloomy mind looked forth at gusty showers, and in a manner most refined she cursed the dragging hours.—Walt Mason.

Portland, Oregon

Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Reichle have exchanged their old car for a new coupe.

The Lutheran picnic on Sunday, July 30th, was well attended. About sixty turned out. The event started with service, preached by our local pastor, Rev. Eichmann, at 11 A.M., on the grounds of the Concordia Lutheran College. After the service all prepared for lunch, then the afternoon was spent playing ball and pitching horseshoes. The out-of-town people present were: Mrs. Bertram, of Seattle; Mr. W. Lacy Waters and his hearing brother, Ted, and Mr. C. Willis from California; Miss Winn, Mr. A. Nelson and Mr. and Mrs. Toll, of Salem, Ore.; Mr. and Mrs. Edwin McNeal and baby, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Lawrence, of Vancouver, Wash. Everybody had a fine time, the weather being ideal.

Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Cooke, with their two children, spent part of their vacation at the Beach, as Mr. Cooke had a two weeks vacation from his work at the big M & F department store.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Linde and two sons are on their way to the Century of Progress Exposition at Chicago. They will stop to visit relatives in Wisconsin also.

Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Nelson were given a surprise on Saturday night, July 28th, when about fifteen friends dropped in and presented the Nelsons with a fine large lace table cloth. They were all members of the Hope Lutheran Church, of which Mrs. Nelson is a member. The present is a wedding gift. The newlyweds also were given a fine electric table lamp by Mr. and Mrs. Jack, of Chehalis, Wash. Mrs. Nelson's brother also presented them with a fine table lamp. Besides these gifts the Nelsons also received presents from Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Root, Mr. and Mrs. A. Wright, and some cash from other Seattle friends.

Mrs. Bertram is back in Portland to see her father, who is ill in an institution here. She may visit with her friends, the T. A. Lindstroms, in Salem before returning to her home in Seattle.

We were all glad to see Mr. Fred Delaney at the Lutheran Church again. He is slowly improving, but is quite weak. He has been sick for two years. He was at one time a popular figure among the Portland deaf, and a 100 per cent. frat.

Rev. and Mrs. Eichmann are re-joining over the arrival of a baby-girl at their home on July 17th. They now have a boy and girl to brighten their home.

Mr. W. Lacy Waters, with his hearing brother, Ted, of California, called on the writer with a letter of introduction from Rev. O. Hanson of Seattle, where the Southern visitors spent a few weeks visiting. They were given the address of Mr. and Mrs. M. Norton, whom they knew in California, and on Sunday attended the Lutheran picnic. They will visit Mt. Hood before returning home by auto.

Lacy, who will soon be 81 years old, talked of old times at Gallaudet College, and we all enjoyed the aged man's conversation. His brother looks fine for a man of 71, and who drove his own car all the way from California. They are both very pleasant gentlemen and we enjoyed their visit here.

Mr. B. L. Craven, who was again ill for a couple of weeks, is now back at his old place of employment.

H. P. NELSON.

July 31, 1933.

Deaf-Mute Nun Sees Brother Ordained

Sister Mary of Perpetual Help, a deaf-mute nun, accompanied by Sister Ignatius Loyola, both of the Sisters of Charity of Providence, conducting the institution for deaf-mutes in Montreal, went to see Father Scannell, the brother of Sister Mary, ordained in Esopus, N. Y., on June 10th. They were guests in St. Ann's Home for the Aged in Jersey City, the Superior of which is Sister Rose, a sister of Sister Ignatius Loyola, and from there went to Boston, where Father Scannell said his first Mass. He is the third brother to be ordained.

Sister Ignatius is wonderfully devoted to the deaf, with whom she has labored for thirty-five years. Her sister is also a member of the same community. There are thirty-six Sisters, all deaf-mutes, at the Montreal Institution, and several have celebrated jubilees.—Catholic News.

Wins Chess Title From Eastern Man

After four months of air mail correspondence, Douglas Tilden, representing the Berkeley Silent Chess Club and the Oakland Chess Club, outclassed Troy E. Hill, the champion among the eastern deaf, it was revealed today. Hill resigned in the twentieth move.

With the eastern championship in his pocket, Tilden now will try conclusions with Leandro Maldonado, of this city, who holds the Pacific Coast title among deaf persons. Hardie Baugh, another member of the deaf players, is to be reckoned with as a challenger, it is announced.—Berkeley (Cal.) Daily Gazette, August 3.

OHIO

News items for this column can be sent to Miss B. Edgar, 56 Latta Ave., Columbus, O.

The news reached me yesterday, July 31st, of the death of Mr. Wm. DeSilver, of Cincinnati. He had been ill for eight weeks and had been in a Cincinnati hospital, where it was first thought he would be operated on for cancer of the stomach. Just a week before his death he was taken back to his home, evidently too far gone for any operation to be of help. Death came July 28th, at his home at 917 Fairbanks Avenue. Friends were asked to view the remains Sunday evening, and Monday morning interment was made in Piqua, his widow's former home. When I first entered the Ohio school as a teacher, Mr. DeSilver was a boy's orderly and in that way I came to know him well. Then I had the pleasure of watching the budding romance of William and Bessie DeFries, who several years later became his wife.

Mr. DeSilver was a quiet, unassuming person and Mrs. DeSilver was very much the same. Their married life was a happy one and the widow has the sincere sympathy of all who knew the couple. Some years ago Mrs. DeSilver's father died and left her well fixed financially.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Cory, Jr., of St. Petersburg, Fla., are now on their way home from a northern trip, taking in the big fair at Chicago and stopping at Dayton and Cincinnati to visit friends. They left the latter city August 4th.

Mrs. Rion Hoel, of Cincinnati, is now in Detroit with relatives for a two weeks' visit or at least Mr. Hoel hopes it is only a two weeks' stay away from him.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Wortman are now domiciled at 5200 Montgomery Avenue, Norwood, a suburb of Cincinnati. It is good news to her friends to know she is steadily gaining since her operation.

Mrs. Laverna C. Pumphrey, of South Zanesville, was hostess to her club, July 26th, and a few days later the club enjoyed a picnic near her home. Mrs. Pumphrey is chairman of the entertainment committee for her club which is composed of hearing ladies mostly.

Mrs. Wm. L. Sawhill, of Pittsburg, took Mrs. Woolley and daughter, of Cincinnati, who had been her guest since July 4th, to Youngstown to visit Mrs. Woolley's brother, Dr. Ranz. Later the Woolleys left for their home in Cincinnati. On their way to Youngstown, they stopped in Akron with Mrs. Andrewjeski.

It was reported to me that Mr. Willie Hays, of Pittsburg, was recently called to Athens, O., on account of the death of his sister.

Mr. Barney Golden had the last services held September, July 30th, and will take a quiet rest during August.

The Sunday Journal-Dispatch of Columbus of July 30th, told how a man in Highland County "witched water" and solved the water problem for a town in that county. This witch-of-water seems queer, but it is an actual fact. It seems the witcher cuts a forked branch from a peach tree and holding the prongs tightly with the apex in a vertical position, walks slowly along till the prong turns downward and at that spot water is found.

Some years ago the Ohio Home managers had a water supply problem and some Ohio State University men visited the Home and after much investigating, said no water could be found there. Later a "water witcher" was called and with his switch located a place where water could be found, and now the Home has an ample supply of good water. Just why the switch turns down is hard to understand, but it is a fact that water can be so located.

Beating Around the Bush

It ought to be possible to get a plain answer to a plain question, but sometimes it seems that it is hard to make the question plain enough. There had been complaints of overcrowding at Mudcombe, says the Argonaut, and so an official of the local council was sent to make inquiries. Approaching one dwelling, he knocked sharply. A young girl opened the door.

"How many people live here?" he asked.

"Nobody lives here," answered the girl. "We're only staying for a short time."

"But how many are here?" persisted the man.

"I'm here. Father's gone for a walk, and mother is—"

"Stop! Stop!" exclaimed the official impatiently. "I want to know the inmates of this house. How many slept here last night?"

"Well, you see," was the reply, "I had toothache dreadful; my little brother had an earache, and we both cried so much that nobody slept a wink."

The inspector said he would call again.

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Fishing For Skunks

The odor of skunk, writes a contributor, brings to my mind a certain laughable picture even after twenty years. It was a frosty October night; father and John, the hired man, had been putting potatoes into the cellar that day, dumping them through the window into a wooden shoot down which they slid into the big bin. Father had neglected to put the window back into place.

About two o'clock in the morning I heard a knock on the door of the room adjoining the one where we three youngsters were sleeping. Then I heard my father's voice: "John! John! Get up. We're going fishing!"

The bed springs creaked. "All right," came the muffled reply, and then the thump of feet on the floor. By that time John was awake. "Did you say fishin'?" he called.

"Yes," replied father. "Fishing—in the cellar." I heard him chuckle.

That was enough for us three youngsters. We hopped out of bed, lit the lamp and started down the stairs before John even thought of appearing. Then we began to sniff.

"Smells like skunk!" one of us remarked, and the other two agreed.

"Yes, it does smell like skunk!"

"It is skunk!" said father. "Three of them in the cellar!"

"But you said you were going fishing, father!" my brother protested.

"Wait and see."

John came down sniffing.

"Come with me, John," said father.

"We have uninvited guests in the cellar."

He opened the door. My! the air seemed thick with skunk odor! The two men went below with lanterns. We three went down just far enough to see.

"Here they are in this corner," said father. I noticed that John hung back. "Put that plank up into the opening; they don't seem to like the potato shoot."

Father and John tried their best to make those skunks go up the long plank, but the skunks seemed to want to go everywhere else. Finally they took refuge under the potato bin.

"I thought we'd have to come to it," said father. "The only thing I can see to do is to fasten a large hook on a long bamboo pole and fish 'em out."

John looked longingly toward the stairs.

When they had the pole rigged the fun began in earnest. There was only a space of six inches between the bottom of the bin and the dirt floor, and the light of the lanterns hardly reached the quarry. When ever a skunk was pricked by the hook it snarled, and the odor became stronger.

Suddenly there was an angry clanging and snarling under the bin, and while John issued incoherent orders to father a fighting ball of black and white went hurtling through the window into the darkness.

"Whew!" said father, blinking.

"Two more!"

Finally they cleared the cellar of skunks, but the odor remained. I remember seeing father's "fishing" clothes in the wagon shed for many days thereafter. Our apples tasted of skunk; our vegetables tasted of skunk; our potatoes—oh, my! Our clothes smelled of skunk, and we dreamed of skunk. Mother said she was afraid we might all turn into skunks! But there was one consolation; our kindly neighbor, Aunt Sarah, remarked gently: "Well, they say skunk odor keeps colds away."

—Ex.

Soot and Flame

Stage illusion is a spell easily shattered. There is nothing that performers in opera or drama dread more than to be made ridiculous. Mr. Walter Damrosch in his recent interesting reminiscences, "My Musical Life" narrates two narrow escapes from catastrophe.

Both befell Brunhilde, the flame-guarded heroine of Wagner's Gotterdammerung. In Pittsburgh, where the part was to be sung by Lilli Lehmann, it chanced that while Mr. Damrosch was enjoying a quiet dinner just before the performance the wardrobe mistress of the company implored him over the telephone to come at once to the opera house, for something dreadful had happened! With his heart in his mouth he hurried to Madame Lehmann's dressing room.

"I knocked at her door and heard a tragic and hollow voice say 'Come in,' and as I opened the door a sight indeed terrible met my astonished gaze. There stood Lilli Lehmann in her white Brunhilde garb, but covered from head to foot with soot, so black that she seemed more fit for a minstrel show than for a Wagner music drama. Her face was covered with black streaks, especially where her tears had made long furrows down her cheeks. Gradually between hysterical bursts of tears I learned that according to her custom Lilli had gone to the theatre long before the performance and had dressed herself without looking into the glass until at the last moment to prepare her makeup. She had then discovered the terrible condition of her face and costume.

"It seemed that the janitor had given the heater in the cellar a special raking, which had sent great quantities of Pittsburgh soft-coal soot flying

through the registers; it settled like a pall on everything within reach. Lilli vowed that it was impossible for her to sing that night, and I was in despair."

Much experience with temperamental stars had, however, taught Mr. Damrosch diplomacy. He suddenly turned upon the innocent mistress of the wardrobe, rated her violently for allowing such a thing to happen to an artist under her charge and ended by discharging her on the spot. The diversion was effectual. Madame Lehmann rallied gallantly to the defense of the bewildered victim. The seemingly irate manager allowed himself to be gradually placated and convinced that the damage was not irreparable and "at the psychological moment gently left the dressing room, giving Frau Engelhardt a glance that she understood."

If one Brunhilde suffered from soot, another came perilously near suffering from flames—real flames. She was Madame Materna, and the incident happened during a performance in Boston.

While conducting the beautiful monotony of the last chords of the Fire Chorus, writes Mr. Damrosch, I noticed that the grass mats just below Brunhilde's couch had caught fire, and that just as the curtain was descending slowly on the last bars a Boston fireman with helmet on his head and bucket in his hand quietly came out from the wings and poured a liberal dose of water on the flames. The thing happened so quickly that there was no panic. The people went mad with enthusiasm, and Materna and I had to bow our farewells many, many times. Just after one of these recalls I noticed the little fireman standing in the wings and heard him saying, "Be jabbers, I ought to come out too!" "So you should," I said, and with that I took him by one hand and Materna by the other, and thus we dragged him before the footlights, where with true Hiobian sense of humor he bowed right and left with a delighted grin on his face.

Town and Country

The flowers are blooming in the woods, the daffodils and kindred goods, the cowslip and the rose; and as I do my office task I wish that I could go and bask among such things as those. Oh, it would surely be sublime, upon a fragrant bank of thyme, for drowsy hours to rest; to revel in the wholesome breeze, and pluck the toadstools from the trees, and rob a hornet's nest. But now a farmer comes to town—a man whose residence is down where buds are bathed in dew; all day he sees the posies grow, all day he feels the zephyrs blow his flowing side-boards through. And when I talk, in burning words, of bumblebees and bats and birds, and other woodland things, he looks at me as though he feels that my fat head is full of wheels, and cranks and rusty springs. He interrupts my glad harangue, and says, "I do not give a dang for cowslip or for rose; I'm happy, when the sun goes down, if I can chase myself to town, to see the movie shows."—Walt Mason.

More Early Risers

A story of early risers, reminds a reader of this incident of early days in the Little Miami Valley in Ohio: A young couple who had just begun to keep house were not financially able to buy a clock; they determined the hour for rising in winter by watching for a light in the window of a neighboring farmhouse. One night on waking and seeing the light, they rose, did the morning chores and ate their breakfast. Still daylight held off, and so they sat down to wait. To their astonishment, while they were looking out of the window, they saw the light in the neighboring farmhouse go out. Their neighbors were just going to bed!—Ex.

Florida Flashes

The many friends of J. A. Spurlin, who is well known among citrus fruit packers in Florence Villa and Winter Haven, having worked in that section for a number of years, will be delighted to know that he has found a real peach in the person of Miss Ida Lee Harrell, of Macon, Ga., whom he married on May 30th. The happy couple are now domiciled at 117 Second Street, Atlanta, Ga., where Mr. Spurlin is at present employed.

Chrystal Cobb, of Sarasota, for several years engaged in celery raising business, spent the latter part of June in St. Cloud as guest of the writer and his family. He was accompanied by his wife and their daughter. Unlike many of his World War comrades who were shell shocked and as a consequence became hard-of-hearing, Mr. Cobb, similarly afflicted, found social happiness in marrying a deaf-mute lady. Though able to talk orally, he prefers deaf company from which he derives great happiness in his married life, at social gatherings and church services in a language he understands. Mr. Cobb and his family left St. Cloud to attend the convention of the Georgia Association of the Deaf, which opened July 1st, and at the close of the meeting they will visit their relatives in South Carolina and Mississippi before returning to Sarasota.

The Florida Association of the Deaf, through President R. H. Rou, of Miami, has filed incorporation papers at Tallahassee, setting forth purposes of its organization. Mr. Rou's "new deal" is commended, and great things are expected of the association in the future.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Harold S. Holmes in West Palm Beach has been gladdened by the arrival on May 16th, of a son. Mr. Holmes is a dry cleaner and spotter by occupation. He and his wife were educated at the Flint (Michigan) school, and came to Florida several years ago to live.

Any able-bodied youth, complaining of unemployment these days of depression, might profit by the resourcefulness of Irvin C. Hines, formerly of Leesburg, who occupies a small space at the corner of South Miami and West Florida Avenues, Miami, selling daily newspapers. Comparatively a stranger, he has made many friends who patronize him. Unable to secure any sort of work in his home town, he "thumbed" his way to Miami, where he arrived the middle of July, and the next day was given an assignment as a newsboy. He claims he is making money, considering his low living costs.

At the Savannah convention of the Georgia Association of the Deaf, held July 1st to 5th, the following card was circulated: "Mr. Artemus Winfred Pope will deliver an address (verbal) on 'The Mistakes of the Deaf Teachers and the Deaf People: Not the Oralism or the Manualism' at the coming convention of the Florida Association of the Deaf, Tampa, Fla., 1935. Everybody invited. Special appointments can be arranged." Mr. Pope has been president of the Florida association the past three years and was defeated at the June convention for re-election. He is prominently connected with the St. Augustine Record Co., in the linotyping department.

Mrs. Ross Johnson and daughter, of Atlanta, Ga., who have been touring the State of Florida, visiting Jacksonville, St. Augustine, Daytona Beach, West Palm Beach, Miami, St. Cloud, Lakeland, Tampa, St. Petersburg and other points, returned home during the week of July 23d. It was their initial trip to the land of sunshine and enchantment, and they were favorably impressed with the climate, scenery and beaches.

Friends in Florida of Mrs. H. E. Goetz, a former Miamian, now living in Waponeka, O., will be distressed to learn of the death of her father, E. E. Etzel, who died in Union, O., on July 8th.

Miss Bessie Henderson, of Monticello, is the guest of her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Allsopp in Winter Haven.

Probably no more popular deaf man with court house attaches and police court officials in Miami can be found than Robert Sawyer, who has served the city in many small capacities. He was an uniformed policeman for three days without pay there during the time the convention of the Florida Association of the Deaf was held in 1927.

The only barber shop in Miami that is located opposite the new court house is the place where Paul Blount is employed. He has been on the payroll under the present management for the past thirteen years, and is considered one of the most popular and skilled chirotenors.

Miss Annie E. Pedrick, of Tampa, is assisting in the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Morris in Miami. She has been in their employ for several months.

Mrs. Rutha Hesloy, of Miami Springs (a suburb of Hialeah), has joined the long procession of Model 1933 Plymouth car owners. Mrs. Paul Blount is her chauffeur, and they have been negotiating long distance trips, including one to the convention of the Georgia Association of the Deaf at Savannah last July. An attendance at the Dixie Association convention at Birmingham, Ala., next September, is in the offing.

Deaf operators are no handicaps, so long as they are able to display their own wares. Messrs. Rou, Morris and Erwin, are holding situations on the Miami Herald, the former being the oldest employee in point of service.

As announced in deaf papers of their marriage, which occurred in Tennessee on April 9, 1932, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Alexander and the latter's sister, Miss Pauline Standridge, are traveling in Florida by easy stages in quest of employment for Mr. Alexander and Miss Standridge. Mrs. Alexander was before marriage Miss Minnie Standridge and has a little child a few months old. Mr. Alexander is well-known to many of the Floridians, having worked in several places at the occupation of barbering. While awaiting the outcome of his examination as required by the State law, he is disposing of toilet soaps to meet expenses. He expects to locate in Orlando permanently when he secures a State certificate.

Mrs. W. E. Gholdston and son, Billy, of Atlanta, Ga., have returned home after an extended visit with their folks in Jacksonville. At the church service there on July 30th, the writer and Mrs. Gholdston met for the first time in about fourteen years, and chatted together until it was time to leave for their respective homes.

Rufus Holt, of Jacksonville, was given last July a two weeks' leave of absence with full pay, and he took advantage of it by renewing friendships and reviewing scenes of his boyhood days in North Carolina. He has been for many years employed in the printing department of a large fertilizer plant, and his employer finds in him too valuable an employee to part with his services.

R. E. Kelly, whose home is in Gainesville, is to be congratulated on his having secured work as painter on one of the new University buildings. F. E. P.

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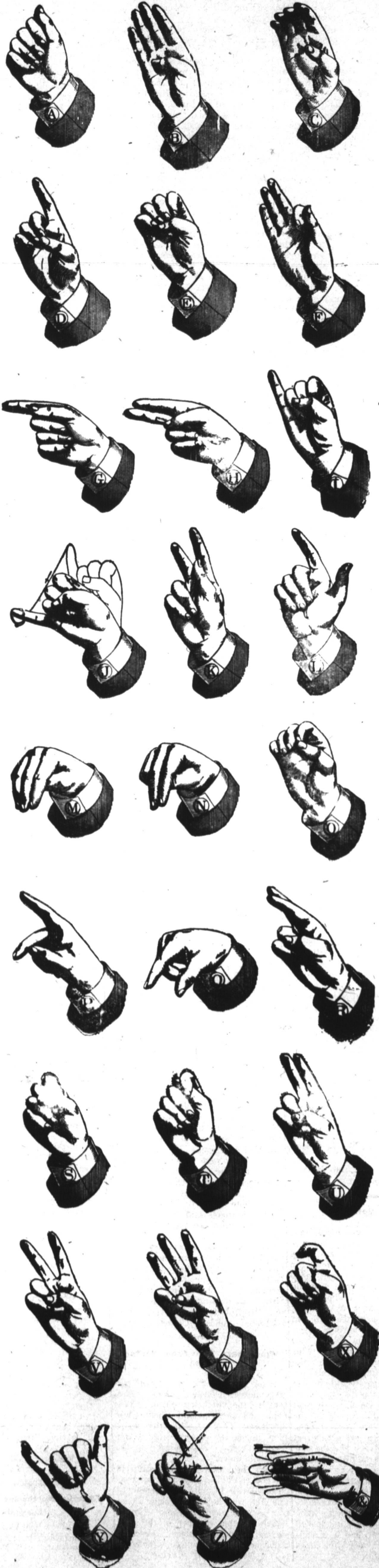
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January 27th, 1934 — Basketball and Dance. (Other dates to be announced in due time)

For any information regarding Ephpheta Society communicate direct to either:

Jere V. Fives, President, 32 Lenox Road, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Marie C. Vitt, Secretary, 1433 Leland Avenue, Bronx, N. Y.

St. Ann's Church for the Deaf

511 West 148th Street, New York City

REV. GUILBERT C. BRADDOCK, Vicar

Summer services, each Sunday at 11 A.M.

Holy Communion, Sunday, August 6th, at 11 A.M. Sunday, September 10th, at 11 A.M. and 3 P.M.

Office Hours:—Morning, 10 to 12. Afternoon, 2 to 4:30. Evenings, 8 to 10, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday only.

Brooklyn Guild of Deaf-Mutes

Meets first Thursday evening each month at St. Mark's Parish House, 230 Adelphi Street, near DeKalb Avenue, Brooklyn.

SOCIAL AND ENTERTAINMENTS FOR 1933

October 28—Hallowe'en Party. Mrs. H. Liebsohn.

November 25—Food Sale. Mrs. Emma Schnackenberg.

December 23—Christmas Festival. Harry Liebsohn.

MRS. HARRY LIEBSON, Chairman. (DeKalb and Myrtle Ave. car stops at Adelphi St.)

Brooklyn Hebrew Society of the Deaf, Inc.

Meets second Sunday of each month except July and August, at the Hebrew Educational Society Building, Hopkinson and Sutter Avenues, Brooklyn.

Services and interesting speakers every Friday evening at 8:30 P.M., at the H. E. S.

English Class, every Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday at 8 o'clock sharp, from September to May, at P. S. 150, Sackman and Sutter Avenues, Brooklyn.

Irving Blumenthal, President; Michael Auerbach, Sec'y, 264 Montank Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

All Angels' Church for the Deaf

(Episcopal)

1151 Leland Ave. Chicago, Illinois (One block north of Wilson Ave. "L" station, and one-half block west).

REV. GEORGE F. FLICK, Priest-in-charge.

MR. FREDERICK W. SMITH, Lay-Reader.

Church services, every Sunday at 11 A.M., Holy Communion, first and third Sundays of each month.

Social Supper, second Wednesday of each month, 6:30 P.M., with entertainment following at 8 P.M.

Get-together socials at 8 P.M., all other Wednesdays. (Use Racine Ave. entrance, around corner).

ALL WELCOME

Minister's address, 6336 Kenwood Avenue.

Deaf-Mutes' Union League, Inc.

Club Rooms open the year round.

Regular meetings on Third Thursdays of each month, at 8:15 P.M. Visitors coming from a distance of over twenty-five miles welcome.

Joseph F. Mortiller, President; Nathan Schwartz, Secretary, 711 Eighth Avenue, New York City.

Detroit Association of the Deaf

Third floor, 8 East Jefferson St., near Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich.

Club room open every day. Regular meeting on second Friday of each month.

Visitors always welcome.

Hebrew Assn. of the Deaf, Inc.

Meets Third Sunday afternoon of the month. Information can be had from Mrs. Tanya Nash, Executive Director, 210 West 91st Street, New York City; or Mrs. Sally Yager, 731 Gerard Avenue, Bronx, N. Y.

Religious Services held every Friday evening, eighty-third. Classes every Wednesday evening. Socials and movies First and Third Sunday evenings.

Manhattan Division, No. 87

National Fraternal Society of the Deaf, meets at 711 Eighth Avenue, New York City (Deaf-Mutes' Union League Rooms), first Wednesday of each month. For information, write the Secretary, J. M. Ebin, 1014 Gerard Ave., Bronx, New York.

Queens Division, No. 115

National Fraternal Society of the Deaf, meets at the Jamaica, Y. M. C. A. Building, Parson's Boulevard and 90th Avenue, Jamaica, the first Saturday of each month. For information write to Secretary Harry A. Gillen, 525 DuBois Avenue, Valley Stream, L. I.

Brooklyn Division No. 23

National Fraternal Society of the Deaf, 301 Schermerhorn St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

First Saturdays

Nicholas J. McDermott, Sec'y, 954 Broadway Brooklyn, N. Y.

Entertainments

Balloon Party—Sat. Sept. 16th

Hallowe'en Party—Sat. Oct. 21st

Thanksgiving Carnival—Sat. Nov. 18th

Reserved

FEBRUARY 10, 1934

Basketball and Dance, Auspices

Deaf-Mutes' Union League. Two

miles welcome. Joseph F. Mortiller, President; Nathan Schwartz, Secretary, 711 Eighth Avenue, New York City.

Watch future announcements coming!

Reserved

September 16, 1933 — Bunco Party

October 21, 1933 — Jollity Fete

Auspices of Men's Club of

St. Ann's Church

N. A. D. CONVENTION

New York City

1934

Watch future announcements coming!

How do the deaf manage to awaken at the proper time in the morning?

The all-electric Just Plug in Once!

VIBRO CLOK

relays alarm to vibrator under pillow.

\$5.00 Postpaid includes clock, vibrator, cords.

OTTO KADOW, 901 Crawford Ave., Bronx, N. Y.